

WOULD A BRIGAND BE

YOUNG JESSE JAMES MUST STAND TRIAL.

Used to Beg Jesse, Sr., to Read to Him the Adventures of the James Boys—Bad Company Spoiled Him—Story of the James Gang.



Is Jesse James, Jr., the reincarnation of his bandit father? This question is puzzling the people of Kansas City, where the young man, who is now 22 years of age, is charged with being implicated in the robbery of a Missouri Pacific train Sept. 24, in the Cracker Neck district of Western Missouri, which his father made famous. Physically he is almost an exact reproduction of Jesse James, the elder. Jesse, Jr., was born when his father was in the prime of his manhood and at the height of his career as an outlaw. He was only 6 years old when his father was assassinated, but remembers him well, for when Jesse James was hiding, under the name of Howard, this little boy used to beg his father to read to him the adventures of the James boys, and the father always complied with the boy's request, keeping him in ignorance of his identity until one day there came a revelation. Jesse James, Sr., was murdered by a traitorous friend, Bob Ford, and Jesse James, Jr., for the first time knew that the hero of his boyish fancy and his father was one and the same person. Young James was sent to school, and until recently was regarded as a model youth, quiet and industrious. For six years he was a clerk for the Armour Packing company, in Kansas City, and during that time managed to save enough money to pay for the modest home at No. 3402 Tracy avenue, where he resides with his mother and his sister, Mary, the latter 19 years old, and a graduate of the Kansas City high school.

Contrary to the wishes of his mother, Jesse several months ago gave up his position with the Armour company and established a cigar stand in the lobby of the court house. There he became acquainted with Jack Kennedy and other men and fell into bad company. When Kennedy was arrested in connection with a murder case, young James assisted him in establishing an alibi. Jesse's friends were not pleased with his proceeding, and stamped it with their displeasure. Young James was suspected of complicity in the crime soon after the Missouri Pacific train robbery occurred. Kennedy attempted to help Jesse out of trouble by making affidavits as to his whereabouts on the night of the robbery, but as Kennedy was himself under suspicion his efforts in the young man's behalf had little weight with the authorities, and did not prevent his arrest. Less than a week after the Missouri Pacific train was blown up with dynamite, William W. Lowe, a switchman, who had become a fast friend of James, was taken into custody on suspicion, and it is claimed that the police have his confession in writing, with signature attached, and that Lowe implicates young James in the crime. The boy has many friends, who are loth to believe him guilty. Neither is he lacking in public defenders. Thomas J. Crittenden, who was governor of Missouri in 1881, and who offered the reward for Jesse James, the elder, which tempted the cupidity of Bob Ford, has been retained as counsel for young Jesse. Judge Phillips will assist him. Attorney F. C. Carr, an old friend of the James family, is very active in the young man's behalf. Officials of the Armour Packing company are also lending aid. Jesse stoutly maintains his innocence, and has made a statement in which he gives his whereabouts on the night of the robbery. Young James has been thrice arrested, as the police were trying to conceal the course they intended to pursue. His last arrest was for train robbery, and he is out under \$2,500 bail.

The "James boys," the father and the uncle of Jesse, Jr., were the sons of a respectable Baptist minister.



JESSE JAMES, JR.

Frank, the elder, was born in Kentucky in 1841; Jesse in Clay county, Mo., in 1845. The father went to California in 1849 and died there in 1851, driven away from home, it is said, by his wife, from whom the sons seem to have inherited their devilry. During the civil war they were members of Quantrill's band of guerrillas, and both participated in the sucking and burning of Lawrence, Kan., when nearly every male inhabitant was ruthlessly murdered, and in the massacre at Centralia, Mo., where, after the village itself had been plundered, the guerrillas way-

laid an eastbound train, robbed the passengers and killed 32 sick soldiers en route for the St. Louis hospitals, besides 50 members of a company of Iowa volunteers, who had hurried to the rescue. When the war was ended Jesse James fled to Texas and Frank to Kentucky. Little was heard of them until early in the spring of 1868, when Jesse James, accompanied by "Cole" Younger, "Al" and George Shepherd and "Jim" White, dashed into Russellville, Ky., robbed the bank of \$14,000, and escaped. Similar bank robberies, often accompanied by the murder of bank cashiers or other officials, marked the career of the James boys during the ensuing year, but it was in 1872 at Kansas City that one of their most daring atrocities was committed. Three men rode up to the gate of the agricultural fair, and Jesse James, dismounting, stepped up to the ticket window and at the point of his pistol demanded the cash box, which was handed over to him. It contained \$10,000. As Jesse remounted the three desperadoes began firing their pistols, and hurriedly rode off. The alarm became general, and almost immediately a pursuing party was organized, but with no results.

In many of their murderous exploits, which included train and stage hold-ups, as well as bank robberies, members of the gang were killed or caught, but such was the terror inspired by the Jameses that for more than ten years during which a price was set on their heads no one was found to earn the money by betraying them. In August, 1876, Jesse and Frank, with six confederates, rode into Northfield, Minn., at a furious pace, shooting their revolvers right and left in order to intimidate the people in the streets, and halted in front of the bank, and while Frank and Jesse James and "Bob" Younger entered, the other five remained outside to guard against attack. J. L. Haywood, the cashier, and two clerks were in at the time, and for refusing to open the time lock Jesse James killed Haywood in wanton



THE TRACY AVENUE HOME.
(Which Jesse James, Jr., bought for his mother.)

cruelty. In the meantime the citizens, having recovered from their astonishment, opened fire on the robbers. Two were almost instantly killed, another received a bullet in the mouth, and Frank James was shot through his left leg, but all the six survivors succeeded in mounting their horses and escaping from the town, followed by fifty armed men. As on previous occasions, luck followed the Jameses, for while they escaped after being pursued nearly 500 miles, three of their companions were shot down and captured and a fourth was killed. Jesse and Frank James, after being chased for weeks, succeeded in reaching Texas, and at Waco Frank had a surgical operation performed upon his leg. The wound was so many days without care that it made him a cripple for life. When the Jameses returned to their old haunts in Clay county in the fall of 1879 they organized a new gang, and on Oct. 8, 1879, descended upon the little station of Glendale, seventeen miles from Kansas City, on the Chicago and Alton railroad. It was evening when the attack was made. After battering down the door of the express car, Jesse James and "Ed" Miller entered with revolvers in their hands and compelled Grimes, the messenger, to unlock the safe and give up the contents, variously estimated at from \$25,000 to \$30,000. About this time the authorities of Missouri offered \$10,000 for either Jesse or Frank James, dead or alive, and \$5,000 for any other member of the gang. The offer of these sums led to the killing of Jesse James in April, 1882, by Robert Ford, a lad of twenty, who was in collusion with the detectives, but who had been accepted as a promising recruit by the unsuspicious bandit. Frank James a few months later gave himself up, was tried and was acquitted on successive charges of robbery and murder. He then settled down at his father-in-law's home, in Independence, Mo. In the fall of 1896 he accepted a position as special messenger on an express train, his duty being no other than that of meeting train robbers at their own game. Jesse James had been married in 1874 to his cousin, Miss Zerkia Mims. At the time she was a public school teacher in Kansas City. After her husband's death she returned to Kansas City with her son, Jesse, Jr., then a boy of six years, and a daughter, Mary, now 12 years of age. Indictments against Jesse James, William A. Lowe, the self-confessed train robber; Charles Polk, Andrew Ryan, and Caleb Stone for holding up and robbing the Missouri Pacific train have been found, and other arrests are to follow.

Tortured and Robbed.

After being brutally assaulted by masked men, William McCulloch, residing near Canal Tunnel, Mo., was robbed of \$115 in money and a bank book showing \$2,200 on deposit. After having burned the legs and feet of McCulloch with lamps, taken from railroad switches, the robbers hacked his breast with knives. They bound and gagged his aged wife and their young grandson, carrying both from the house and rolling the aged woman down a steep embankment.

HUNTING THE TIGER.

THRILLING YARNS FROM THE EAST INDIES.

Where Coolness Extraordinary Came Into Play—Under Certain Conditions It's Safe to Walk Right Into the Arms of a Raging Foe.



Whiskies and sodas, was voted, and the conversation turned on tigers and sport, as it often does in the East. When the writer joined the listeners, Harvey, of the Gunners, was holding forth, as follows:

"My queerest adventure with a tiger happened years ago when I was quite a griffin, the youngest of a party under the direction of Major B—, a noted shikaree (guide), whom we obeyed implicitly, and whom we expected to show us no end of tigers. I had been out with him time after time without seeing one. At last, however, the day came. I was posted on a shady tree. The branches near me served as a gun-rack, and as, putting rifle to shoulder, I sighted right and left, through interlacing boughs and leaves, every avenue of approach, I felt myself most favorably situated. The beat began, and at last I saw my first tiger. Instead of passing within any of my ranges I had marked out for him, he quietly trotted under my tree and lay down at its foot. Swinging round hastily into an attitude not previously rehearsed, in the excitement of the moment I overbalanced, and my rifle going off, descended in a heap on the top of the tiger. Luckily for me, the report of the shooting-iron, and the vision of a dark body in the air, fright-



DESCENDED IN A HEAP ON THE TOP OF THE TIGER.

ened him so much, he was off at a gallop at the moment I crashed down upon him. A bruised shoulder and damaged rifle were the only reminiscences of that adventure. Of course, I got horribly chaffed about it."

"I was once pretty close to a tiger under different circumstances," said another man. "It was in this way. I got a shot at him from a tree, and felt sure I hit him, as he bounded into a thicket from which I did not see him emerge. I pointed out the spot to my men, but after exploring, throwing stones, and loosing off guns, they told me I was mistaken; the tiger had got off and was miles away. After some time I was obliged to accept this conclusion, and, getting out of my tree, prepared to depart. An impulse to look for myself led me to the bush into which I had seen the beast spring. As I rounded it, a sudden roar made my heart stand still. There was the tiger on his hind legs, with his fore paws in the air, as one sees a lion in a heraldic coat of arms, only a few feet from me. I thought my last hour had come. I had nothing in my hand but a stick, having given up my rifle to my shikaree to carry. Stepping back instinctively, I gazed upon him terror-struck, expecting he would be on me in a second. It seemed an age before my hand reached a rifle and pulled the trigger. We found afterwards that my first bullet had paralyzed his spine, which alone prevented his springing on me. Had he been able to drag his hind legs two or three yards, I should surely have been done for." For nerve combined with prudence, I know a story which some of you may think worth hearing," said a voice from a long arm-chair. "Don't suppose any of you ever heard of M—, one of the best shots I ever came across. Used

to shoot snipe from either shoulder. Never seemed to miss. I had better give it you in his own words as far as I can remember.

"I hate going after tiger with a married man"—this is how he began—"and I'll tell you why. There was a fellow called Cranley was always bothering me to show him a tiger. 'I have been twelve years in India,' he said, 'and never set eyes on one.' So I took him with me. The beat was to skirt at the finish a natural parapet of rock and boulder about 300 yards long, running north and south. To give Cranley first shot I posted him near the northern end of the parapet close to a narrow slit in it through which he could fire at anything with perfect safety. I told him to wait till the tiger was broadside on, and then to fire. If his shot failed, the beast would come down to me at the southern end of the parapet. Well, on came the beaters and when I judged from their shouts that they were well past Cranley's post, and no shot rang out, I naturally concluded there was no tiger.

"After I had waited a little longer, this conclusion was so certain that I went round my end of the parapet to the other side to meet the beaters and make inquiries. Just as I turned the corner, what should I see, about 50 yards to my front, but a tiger? I pulled up with a jerk, my heart in my mouth, and we stood looking at each other while he slowly waved his tail. I covered him with the rifle, and felt my life depended on his dropping to a single shot. My aim was too unsteady to let me draw the trigger, so I lowered the weapon and stared spellbound at the enemy. Again I raised it only to lower the rifle as before. My hand shook; I dared not fire. A third time I drew a bead on that magnificent head between the terrible eyes; but it was no use—I had not the pluck to shoot. Then to my astonishment and immense relief the big brute, blinking lazily, turned round and moved slowly toward the beaters, who by this time were within 150 yards of him. In an instant I was back round the corner of my parapet, and on the right side as the beaters turning the tiger sent



him on again, past my entrance, to meet the fate he ought to have experienced at the hands of Cranley. Talk of funk—I have never been in such a funk before or since as I was when, glued to the ground, I faced that tiger and dared not fire."

"Funk you call it. It seems to me to have been most wonderful presence of mind," was my reply; "the natural impulse was to fire and be killed. But how about Cranley?"

"His explanation was weak but honest. When the tiger passed within a few feet of his post, he was so impressed by thoughts of his wife and children, that he laid down his rifle



THE MEETING IN THE PARAPET.

and hid his face in his hands; thereby leading me to believe there was no tiger, and to leave my post as already related. I never heard of his going tiger-shooting again. I can answer for it he did not go with me."

PLAY AT MONTE CARLO

AN EVENING IN THE ROOMS IS A STUDY FOR A LIFETIME.

Lovely Nature Is Forgotten—The Scene Outside the Casino Is One of Ever-Changing Beauty, Yet the Gamblers Cannot Enjoy It.

The large sums that are carried away from here are very few and far between; generally what is won in one day is lost the next, says the Ludgate Magazine. There are no amusements of any kind. The administration looks after this detail with admirable judgment; everything is absolutely concentrated in the Casino. This is the magnet pur et simple. You have delightful concerts free of charge, theatrical performances with the very best of talent at extremely moderate prices; but all within the walls of the all-absorbing Casino. Very few can resist the magnetism of play. If you win even a small sum you feel obliged to continue; if you lose you wish to regain, and so it goes on until in the end you have dropped more than you can well afford, and are obliged to retire a sadder but wiser man, or woman, with the option of applying to the Casino authorities for the wherewithal to return home (this request is never refused a player who has lost).

An evening, or even afternoon, in the rooms is a study for a lifetime. The indescribable air of doubt, deathly stillness, pervades every apartment; the strained look of even the onlookers, the peculiar, dense atmosphere, the sickening odor of scent (mingling with even worse), a queen of the demimonde shoulder to shoulder with an English duchess (democracy prevails here to an excessive degree), is a never-to-be-forgotten picture.

Watch the faces of the inveterate gamblers who pass their time between this den of vice and Ostend: Interested in nothing but the roll of the ball or the turn of the card, forgetting entirely beautiful nature outside, having no other thought but of play and sleep, probably induced by artificial means, the haggard look and sunken eye, the trembling hand, all tell their tale. The pleased smile of the fair young English bride as she arises from her place at the table, the smile of congratulation from her immediate neighbor, the extremely friendly crier, who only too well knows that she will return again and leave what she has gained, and more besides—it is all a study! The dense crush of humanity, the heat, the intense excitement, the magnificent jewels and costumes—one is more than satiated; for the outsider it becomes nauseous.

You leave the rooms with a sense of oppression and glad to breathe the pure air of heaven again and gaze upon the beauties of nature which God has provided in such magnificent abundance. For the beauties of this spot are endless; sea and sky are constantly changing. Even on gray or gloomy days, which very rarely occur, there is always an interesting study in tone. Strange to say, one never has the feeling of being at a seaside place in Monte Carlo. There is an utter lack of the briny or exhilarating effect of salt water and but for the boundless horizon of the Mediterranean you might as easily imagine yourself at either Aix les Bains or Spa. But for the occasional visits of private yachts, there is scarcely ever a sail to be seen, and never passing steamers or other craft; but still there is never a sense of isolation in any way, and the charming little place is always brimming over with gaiety; always crowded with the very creme of society of all countries—great celebrities jostle each other, and pretty and smart women predominate.

Monte Carlo to be thoroughly appreciated and properly studied should be visited more than once, and then for a longer stay. The general public, who have a run over there for a week or ten days and lose a hundred or two on which they expected to amuse themselves on their return to Paris and then storm against the "hades on a rock" are not always to be considered. I one day overheard a guide to a party of exceedingly simple-looking Germans—the usual tourist lot, side-elastic boots, etc.—telling them: "Gentlemen, here is the celebrated Casino, the gambling hell of the world; daily men and women are ruined and duped at the tables. The most selected spot for suicide is just to your left, under the palm trees; although you will find no bodies there now, in the morning plenty will be carried away. If you wish to enter, gentlemen, do so. I shall await you at the cafe opposite." It was all too comical for words, but such is the general idea conceived of one of the most charming and fascinating spots in the world.

New Zealand's Pension Law.

To get the \$95 yearly old-age pension of New Zealand one must be more than 65 years old and must prove ten years of exemplary conduct. No one who has an income of more than \$5 a week or property worth more than \$2,700 can receive anything. For every \$5 of income which a pensioner may receive from other sources \$5 is deducted from the pension.

Eloquence.

"Kirby, I admire your wife; she is so eloquent in a few words." "How do you know?" "When you told her you had brought me up to dinner she said, 'Gracious goodness!'"

French Wine Dr. Scars.

On an average each inhabitant of France consumes fifty quarts of wine in a year. In Paris the average consumption is 196 quarts.

FRIGHTENED BY MALTESE CAT

Clerk in a Piano Store Unnerved by

Tabby Walking Across Keyboards From the Cincinnati Enquirer.—A piano store, where professionals and amateurs gather day after day, gilding their fingers over the keyboards, giving snatches of some classic composition and where sometimes the salesman is an expert on the black and white ivories, and where a prima donna occasionally drops into singing an aria to her own accompaniment, seems to be a desirable enough place to drive the dull cares of business away. And yet there is a secretary of a piano company in this city whose experience in all his musical surroundings on a certain occasion not a long time ago was decidedly unpleasant and uncanny. This secretary found himself overcrowded with business one day and concluded to finish it at the store after supper. It was dark and he lighted the gas. The room was filled with pianos of all kinds of makes and qualities. But not a sound was heard save the little rustling that came from the movement of his pen on paper. He became absorbed in his task, and had not the time to muse on the gent of departed days who might be fitting about in this musical atmosphere, anxious to express their emotions or thoughts by the manipulation of a keyboard. Presently he was disturbed in his prosaic drudgery by the distinct striking of a key from one of the instruments close by him. He looked up from his desk in surprise. That was a note, and it was the key of A. He was musical enough to be assured of that. But nobody was to be seen. He remembered distinctly that coming in to the store he had locked the door behind him, and the back door by all rules and regulations of the house must have been securely locked. He arose to investigate. He had not walked two paces when the sound was repeated—this time apparently from some other instrument, and the single note struck was not A, but G. He now became a little nervous, but looking in the direction whence the sound had come, could discern nothing. Walking further on toward the rear of the store the sound again fell upon his ears—a single note, but this time it was F. Somehow by this time he became thoroughly frightened, and while he was not a believer in ghosts he thought it a matter of discretion to leave the store for home after having satisfied himself that no human intruder had been there. Just as he was turning the key of the lock on the outside he heard again the sounding of a single note, and this time it was C. On the next morning he related his experience to the janitor. The latter gave him the laugh, saying: "That must have been our new Maltese cat which we got yesterday, for she was left in the store last night." The secretary was satisfied and concluded that "pussy" had been testing the quality of different makes of pianos. The ghost story vanished.

DRUGGISTS' BEST CUSTOMERS.

People Who Imagine They Are Ill Buy the Most Medicines.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat: "It is a great mistake to suppose that druggists sell the most medicines when people are sick," said a veteran New Orleans pharmacist. "The exact reverse is the case. Our best patrons are folks who are well, but who have a mania for trying this remedy and that for imaginary maladies. You would be surprised to know how large a class this is and how persistently they dose themselves year in and year out, except when they are really sick. At such times they send for a doctor, and the result, as far as the druggist is concerned, wouldn't average over \$1 apiece for prescriptions. The same person, if well, would probably buy several dollars' worth of proprietary remedies. It seems queer, but it is upon health, not upon sickness, that the drug store thrives."

Pensions Paid in the South.

The fact was recently disclosed that the federal government expends for pensions in the state of Texas nearly \$1,000,000 annually, and more than half a million in the state of Mississippi. While these states did not furnish a large quota to the federal army, they have received substantial additions to their population by the emigration of Northern men. No doubt, also, many federal soldiers in service in these states during the war retained their residences in the South at the close of the contest. No one will complain if, in the distribution of pensions, the Southern states derive a part of the advantages involved. The war with Spain will, no doubt, add to the pension list, and it is safe to say that every Southern state will be represented on the pension roll, for no braver, nobler Americans fought for the cause of humanity than the volunteers from the South.

Primary Colors.

"Rafferty," said Mr. Dolan, "what's thim primary colors Oi hear me dau'ther Ann tellin' of since she tuck to shudying' art?" "Wull," was the answer, "judgin' be all the primaries Oi wor iver to, Oi should say they wor black an' blue."—Washington Star.

Blinded by a Collision.

Fred Sheyer of Brazil, Ind., while riding his wheel collided with a team and was badly injured. When he recovered consciousness it was discovered that he was totally blind.

The Way.

Cynic—Ah, it's the way of the world. We never strew flowers on a man's grave till he's dead.—Hoboken Hoodoo.